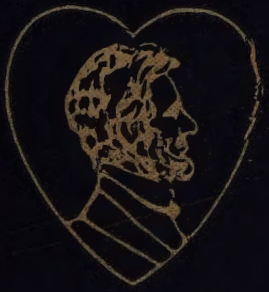
The HEART *of* LINCOLN



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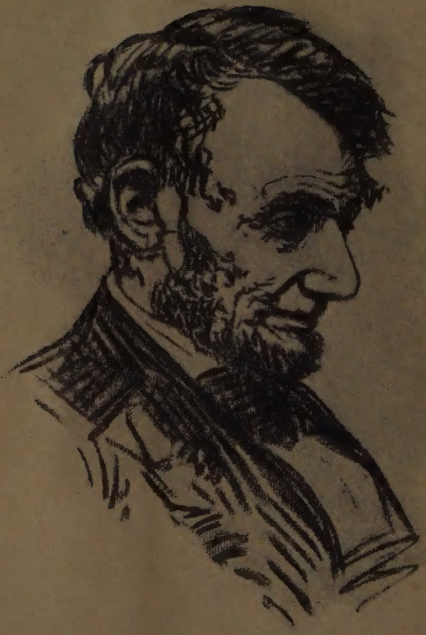
THE HEART OF LINCOLN



THE HEART OF LINCOLN

THE SOUL OF THE MAN AS REVEALED IN STORY AND ANECDOTE

BY

WAYNE WHIPPLE

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PHILADELPHIA

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THE HEART OF LINCOLN

THE MOTHER-HEART

Over a hundred years ago a little heart began to beat in a log hovel in the backwoods of Kentucky—a heart that was to grow big and swell with the hopes and throb with the griefs of the nation and of the whole world. But its mother

"Gave us Lincoln and never knew."

It is doubtful if poor Tom Lincoln's wife ever raised her eyes in faith—as many a mother does hope against hope—that *her* son might become the first man in the neighborhood or nation. There seemed to be nothing ahead in the hard, barren lot of her little baby

boy for Nancy Hanks Lincoln to keep and ponder in her heart. Nancy was, "according to her lights," a God-fearing woman. She would have been full content to have this baby grow up a good boy, kind to his father and mother and sister Sarah, and good to their backwoods neighbors, so few and far between.

Thomas Lincoln, the child's father, was a tough, hearty, well-meaning, shiftless, thriftless man whom his wife had taught, after their marriage, to scrawl his own name.

In their crude, primitive way, Tom and Nancy Lincoln were religious. They went to camp-meeting together when pioneer preachers like Peter Cartwright held forth with such vim and power that sinners, "under conviction," writhed on the ground and finally came out shouting victory over sin. Both the Lincoln baby's parents

had "got the power" more than once. Thomas's religion was so practical that Dennis Hanks, a relative of his wife, said of him:

"Tom thought a heap o' Nancy, an' he was as good to her as he knowed how. He didn't drink or swear or play cyards or fight—an' them was drinkin', cussin', quarrelsome days. Tom was popylar, an' he could lick a bully if he had to."

Both the Lincoln boy's parents believed in and talked about the heart life. They had heard all about "experimental religion" at camp-meeting. So, whatever else Abraham Lincoln may have lacked in his backwoods life, he did have true heart culture. His mother, in her humble way, builded better than she knew—a palace instead of the comfortable cabin she longed for all her sad, disappointed days and nights, by teaching little Abe to be good and

kind and true. She would have been happy if she could have known that her son would grow to be a local exhorter or a pioneer preacher. Yet out of her ignorance and privations she gave her child the master-key to the grandest life of practical religion ever worked out in a human career.

Even the dull, hard days of Lincoln's childhood radiated with the warmth of his boyish heart. He was happy with his sister, two years older, and Sarah was always proud of her brother. Their mother used to read to them in the lonely twilight hours from the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and others of the few books to be had in the backwoods of Kentucky in those days.

Little Abe, only five or six years old, would work hard and long, chopping, tugging and lugging home spicewood branches that would make the firelight brighter and give out a pleasant smell

while their mother read to them. The brightness and sweetness of those early memories remained with Lincoln always.

When he was only nine, a year or so after the removal of the Lincoln family to Indiana, he came to know the utter desolation of home without a mother. Nancy Lincoln was taken with a strange and terrible disease which smote the early settlers. They called it "the milk-sick" because it attacked the cattle also. The mother knew at once that she was doomed to die. Calling Sarah and Abraham to the side of her rough bed of poles, bark and leaves, she made them promise to be good to each other and take care of their poor father.

Little Abe helped the heartbroken Tom saw the rough boards out of trees to make a rude coffin, and they buried

the body of the good wife and mother "without benefit of clergy." Cousin Dennis Hanks related of little Abe:

"Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal on the point of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country town and I made ink out of blackberry briar root and a little copperas in it. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather. Sometimes he would write with a stick in the white sand down by the crick bank, and leave it till the waves would blot it out."

It is said that the first letter the boy ever wrote was to beseech old "Parson" Elkin, who had known their mother in their "old Kentucky home," to come and preach a sermon over his mother's grass-grown grave in the edge of the clearing. This the good old man did the following summer. No wonder the

thoughtful, grateful little boy held such a mother in loving remembrance, exclaiming fervently to a friend long afterward:

"All I am or hope to be I owe to my sainted mother!"

THE HEART IN THE HOME

Thomas Lincoln, the widower, was lonely, restless and moody. All that two children of nine and eleven could do, Abraham and Sarah did to comfort and cheer their forlorn father. But he disappeared one day and was gone several weeks,—on a longer hunting trip than usual, the children thought. When he returned he brought a new mother with three children of her own. The Lincoln boy soon learned to love his stepmother, who was not long in finding out that "Abe was no common boy." Many years later the second Mrs. Lincoln said of her illustrious stepson:

"I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say—Abe never gave

me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I asked him. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both being now dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."

Mrs. Sarah Lincoln had good reason to speak in the highest praise of young Abraham's devotion. He never ceased to be grateful for her sympathy and kindness to him, as a boy, encouraging him to read and study, and persuading his father to let him go to school a few weeks now and then. Tom Lincoln and the rough neighbors, in their ignorance, thought Abe took to reading books only to shirk work. His father thought his longing to go to school was a sign of "pure laziness." So he took him out of school, when he allowed him to go at all, for the smallest reasons. Strong as Abe was, and work as hard

as he might, he could never earn more than twenty-five or thirty cents a day. This pitiful pay his father always took and kept.

Most youths would have left home in disgust, but Abraham stood by, helping heroically and making his stepmother's hard life with his shiftless father comfortable and even cheerful.

Little as he was permitted to go to school there are many stories told of Abe Lincoln's doings there—not mischievous acts, nor even prodigies of learning, but deeds of kindness to everybody. His first "composition" was an earnest appeal against cruelty to animals.

He was always the champion of the helpless, no matter how humble the object of any ill-treatment might be. One day he came and caught a group

of mischievous boys putting live coals on a poor mud-turtle's back. The lads, and several girl friends, laughed to see the turtle moving slowly and aimlessly about in its surprise and misery. When Abe Lincoln saw what was going on he dashed into the group in a frenzy of wrath, snatched the shingle from the ringleader's hand, dashed the burning coals off the poor turtle's back, then began beating the boys with the thin board. When he had scattered them right and left, according to one of the girls who witnessed the sudden scene, "he preached against such cruelty" and, with angry tears in his deep gray eyes, told the snickering offenders that a terrapin's or "an ant's life is as sweet to it as ours is to us."

Abraham's heart ached for the unfortunate, especially when others held aloof and said they deserved their lot.

Late one cold night he, with several cronies, found a man they knew lying drunk in the freezing mud beside the road.

"He has made his bed," said the other fellows, "now let him lie in it."

But to Abe this seemed monstrous. The rest went on to their homes and left him to his thankless task. The poor drunkard might freeze to death if left as he was. But he was big and heavy—a dead weight. One of his friends described this act of mercy:

"Abe, seeing he was to have no help, bent his mighty frame, and, taking the big man in his long arms, carried him a great distance to Dennis Hanks's cabin. There he built a fire, warmed, and rubbed, and nursed him through the entire night. The man often told John Hanks that it was 'mighty clever in Abe to tote me to a warm fire that cold night,' and was very sure that

Abe's strength and benevolence had saved his life."

He could not see any one in need of help without doing all he could to render aid. They used to laugh about his appearing just in time (he was not in school then) to prompt Kate Robey, the "pretty girl" of the place, whom they said Abe was "sweet on." The word was "defied." The class had spelled it every way but the right way and Schoolmaster Crawford was so indignant with them all that he had announced that if some one did not spell the word right he would keep all of them in after school. Miss Robey, the last in the class, was essaying the word, slowly feeling her way along: "d-e-f-" she had said and was about to add a hesitant "y," when, as she herself related—"I saw Lincoln at the window; he had his finger in his eye and a smile on his face; I immediately took the hint

that I must change the letter *y* into an *i*. Hence I spelled the word—the class let out. I felt grateful to Lincoln for this simple thing."

Schoolmaster Crawford was not the Crawford who lent Abe the copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" which he read nearly all night before the blazing fire, then went to bed, laying it in a chink in the mortar between the logs beside his humble bed, to resume the reading as soon as it was light enough. A storm came up in the night and the book was soaked with rain and muddy mortar. This Mr. Crawford, known to the neighbors as "Old Blue-Nose," made young Lincoln buy the old book at a high price and "pull fodder" three days at twenty-five cents a day to pay for it!

Abe afterward worked for this hard master, as a farm hand, while his sister

Sarah was there. A friend wrote of young Lincoln's employment at Josiah Crawford's: "Abe was reconciled to his situation in this family by the presence of his sister, and the opportunity it gave him of being in the company of Mrs. Crawford, for whom he had a genuine attachment."

This lady told many stories of Lincoln's sojourn under her roof. "Abe was a sensitive lad, never coming where he was not wanted." . . . "He was tender and kind," like his sister, who was at the same time her maid-of-all-work. Mrs. Crawford said also that "he always lifted his hat and bowed when he made his appearance." And she related how, when he "went to see the girls," he brought in the biggest backlog and made the brightest fire; and how the young people, sitting around it, watching the way the sparks flew, told their fortunes. He helped

pare apples, shell corn and crack nuts.

The sports he preferred were those that brought men together, the spelling-school, the husking bee, the "raising"; of all these he was the life by his wit, his stories, his good nature, his doggerel verses, his practical jokes, and by a rough kind of politeness.

The other boys went hunting, of course. But young Lincoln's sympathy for the helpless creatures made him a poor sportsman. He could not kill or maim the humblest of God's creatures. In one of his short autobiographies he referred to himself in the third person:

"A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin; and Abraham, standing inside, shot through a

crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled the trigger on any larger game."

This was when scruples about inflicting suffering on the lower orders of creation were thought to be a sickly sort of sentimentalism. But young Lincoln's heart could never see suffering without yearning to bring relief.

While the family were moving to Illinois they found that, after their heavy wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, had crossed an ice-filled stream, they had left a little dog on the other side. It was late; to turn back with their clumsy team and lumbering wagon was out of the question. Night was coming on. The rest of the migrating family were in favor of going on and leaving "the little nuisance" to his fate. But Abe could see the dog running up and down the opposite bank, yelping in

distress. Long afterward, describing this incident, President Lincoln said:

"I could not bear the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream, and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Abraham made thirty dollars peddling "notions" on their way from Indiana to Illinois. Although he had "turned twenty-one" on the way, he seems to have given that precious sum —amounting to much more in those days than now—to make his father, who had always kept his meager earnings, and his stepmother more comfortable. He would not leave them, though the stepmother's children were able and should have provided for her, until he

and John Hanks had helped raise a commodious cabin, cleared and plowed fifteen acres around it, and fenced it in with the black walnut rails which afterwards became world-famous. It was a few of those historic fence rails that pried Abraham Lincoln into the presidency of the United States. Of course, nothing was farther than the presidency from his thoughts while he was doing his utmost to help the father who had always been mean to him, called him lazy, and sneered at his desire to "get an eddication."

After settling his family in comfort young Lincoln hovered near, splitting rails for a neighbor to earn enough cotton "jeans," dyed with butternut stain, to make his "freedom suit" of clothes. This was his preparation for that famous "winter of the deep snow," one of the coldest and hardest winters known even in those days.

When the dutiful and forgiving son had established his reputation for kindness in New Salem, and had been elected to the Legislature of the State; had been influential in having the capital of Illinois removed from Vandalia to Springfield and had been practising law in Springfield, a former fellow clerk, William G. Greene, paid a visit to Thomas Lincoln, still living in a log hut in Coles County. Old Tom Lincoln even then inveighed against his son's studious ways. He said to Greene:

"I s'pose Abe's still a-foolin' hisself with eddication. I tried to stop it but he's got that fool idee in his head, an' it can't be got out. Now I hain't got no eddication, but I git along better'n if I had."

In 1851, after Abraham Lincoln had served a term in Congress at Washing-

ton, he heard that his father was very ill. Unable, on account of legal business, to go to his father's side, he wrote to his stepbrother, as Thomas Lincoln could not read his letter:

"I sincerely hope father may recover his health; but at all events, tell him to remember to call upon and confide in our merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of the sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him."

"WHO LOVETH WELL"

It was while clerking in a country store in New Salem, that young Lincoln earned the nickname of "Honest Abe." By the kindness of his heart he endeared himself to everybody in the village. He was more than merely honest. A strictly just young man would have saved a woman's change till she came to the store again, and then would have made an honest confession and rectified his mistake. But Abraham Lincoln could not eat his supper till he had walked across the prairie and refunded the money to one woman or carried to another all the tea she had paid for.

A year or so after he settled in New Salem young Lincoln was elected cap-

tain in the Black Hawk war. He saw no fighting, but Captain Lincoln had a chance to champion the oppressed. The settlers had no love for "the poor Indian." They did not hesitate to express their belief that "the only good Indian is the dead Indian."

One day Lincoln heard some of his men belaboring a forlorn, helpless old red man, and preparing to string him up as a spy. The Indian showed them a pass, but they were hustling him along and threatening him, when their tall captain sprang out among them, his eyes blazing with indignation.

"Fall back, men; fall back!" he shouted, his voice trembling with anger. "Let the Indian go—he hasn't done anything—he couldn't hurt you if he tried."

"Say, Cap'n," said one of the soldiers—"that ain't fair. We know what we're doin'."

"Let this old man go. If you want to hurt somebody, take it out o' me. I'll fight you all, but you sha'n't hurt a helpless Indian. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it if I have to lick the whole of Sangamon County!"

The big captain's challenge was not accepted. One of the men of that day, knowing the bitter enmity between the early western settler and the red man, said that Captain Abraham Lincoln saved the life of that Indian from the hatred of those lawless recruits at the risk of his own. But Lincoln thought little of his own heroism. Indeed, he hardly recognized the act as courageous. His own sense of fair play and the Indian's unspoken gratitude were reward enough.

The love of his heart went out towards the unfortunate, whether man,

woman, bird or beast. This tenderness made him the laughing-stock of his legal friends on the Eighth Circuit of Illinois. The lawyers used to ride horseback, or drive about in buggies from one county-seat to another, to try their cases. Lawyer Lincoln had as keen a sense of the ludicrous as any of them, but he often fell behind and was missed for hours when his sensitive ear detected somewhere a note of distress.

Once while driving through the mud of Central Illinois, late in the fall, the country lawyer was parrying the gibes of his companions because of the new clothes he wore, for Lincoln did not often have a new suit. As they came within a few miles of the little town of Paris, the party's attention was attracted from Lincoln's clothes to a pig stuck in the mud and squealing lustily. Although they all laughed at the pork-

er's absurd plight, the animal's real distress soon overcame even Abraham Lincoln's sense of the humorous and, in spite of the jeers of his comrades, he returned to the rescue of the hog, muddying his new clothes in the act of kindness. By laying fence-rails in the mire, and using one as a fulcrum, he pried the heavy animal out of the mud with another rail, and had the satisfaction of hearing its grateful grunts as it trotted away, flopping its ears. Half ashamed of his own tenderness he tried to ward off his friends' jokes when he caught up with them by explaining: "If that farmer lost his pig, his poor little children might have to go barefoot all winter."

On another occasion his companions were annoyed and not a little amused to see him hitch his horse and stride around in the underbrush to catch two young

birds fluttering on the ground in the edge of a grove. Having caught the fledglings, he hunted from tree to tree till he found the nest from which they had fallen, and put the birds back in a place of safety.

An hour or so later, when he overtook his friends again, they laughed at this childish way of wasting time.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you may laugh, but I couldn't have slept well tonight if I had not saved those little birds. Their cries and those of their distracted mother would have rung in my ears."

A Springfield lady used to like to tell how she was standing—as a child at her mother's gate, sobbing because the hackman had failed to come and take her and her trunk to the station for her first outing on a train, to visit a girl friend in a neighboring town. Mr.

Lincoln came along just then and asked what was the matter. The little girl sobbed out the heartrending story of her disappointment.

"Cheer up," said the tall lawyer, beaming kindly down at the child; "we'll have to hurry."

Shouldering the trunk, he strode away, while the little girl followed after him, drying her eyes as she ran. They were just in time. Putting trunk and girl on the train, he kissed her good-by and told her to "have a good time."

"It was *just like him!*" exclaimed that little girl grown to womanhood.

When Lincoln was a country lawyer almost in middle life, he received his first five-hundred-dollar fee. What should he do with such a "bonanza"? He decided to buy a quarter-section of land to make his dear old stepmother comfortable in her old age. She could

live on it and her sons could till the soil, and it would hold the old woman's family together. When he told a lawyer-friend what he meant to do with so much money, the man remonstrated and advised him to give the old lady a life-interest in the land in such a way that it would revert to him at her death. The struggling lawyer was indignant.

"I shall do no such thing," he said. "It is a poor return, at best, for all the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me, and there is not going to be any halfway business about it!"

His mother's and stepmother's relatives were all illiterate ne'er-do-wells, but instead of avoiding them, as none of his own, he seemed to feel that they were the more in need of his sympathy and help.

During the great debates with Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln arrived at Charleston, Illinois, worn out with

speaking and travel. When his friends saw him going away from the comforts of the hotel to call on a distant relative of his stepmother, they remonstrated, reminding him how much he needed rest. He seemed surprised at the suggestion.

"Why," he exclaimed, "Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without going to see her!" And he set out, walking through the rain several miles across the muddy prairie to call on a remote relative of his stepmother.

People sometimes argue and disagree about Lincoln's religion. He knew his Bible and firmly believed in prayer. But his belief was not a mere form. It was the heart religion described by the "Ancient Mariner":

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast."

It was a true index to his character, that when no one hired him to work he could not be content with resting or reading, much as he loved books. While staying in the house of one of his neighbors, among whom "Honest Abe" was always welcome, he would rock the cradle, play with the children, joke with the young folks and tell his best stories to the aged. It was said of him in practical paraphrase of the scriptural definition of "pure religion and undefiled," that he used to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and" —*chop their wood!*

Mr. Lincoln used to talk of love among the dusty books of his dingy law-office.

"Did you ever write out a story in your mind?" he asked a friend one day. "I did when I was a little codger. One day a wagon, with a lady and two girls and a man, broke down near us, and while they were fixing up, they cooked in our kitchen. The woman had books and read us stories, and they were the first of the kind I ever heard.

"I took a great fancy to one of the girls, and when they were gone I thought of her a great deal, and one day, when I was sitting out in the sun by the house, I wrote out a story in my

mind. I think that was the beginning of love with me."

His first love was Ann, the comely daughter of the keeper of Rutledge's Tavern, where he boarded, for a time, at New Salem. Abraham and Ann studied grammar together, and the tall boarder soon lost his heart. This must have been when he learned how she had been treated by her affianced, a young man named McNamar, who had gone east and had not even been heard of for a long time. No doubt the element of pity intensified his affection for the young girl. William O. Stoddard, at one time President Lincoln's private secretary, has written fully of this love affair:

"It is not known precisely when Ann Rutledge told her suitor that her heart was his, but early in 1835 she permitted it to be understood that she would marry Abraham Lincoln as soon as his

legal studies should be completed. That was a glorious summer for him; the brightest, sweetest, hopefulest he yet had known. It was the fairest time he was ever to see; for even now, as the golden days came and went, they brought increasing shadow on their wings.

"On the 25th of August, 1835, just before the summer died, Ann Rutledge passed away from earth—but she never faded from the heart of Abraham Lincoln, and the shadow of that great darkness never entirely lifted from him. It was then that he discovered, in a strange collection of verses, those lines of William Knox, ever afterward his favorite poem, beginning:

"'Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'

"There were well-grounded fears that he might do himself some injury, and a watch was vigilantly kept. He had been, to that hour, a man of mar-

velous poise and self-control, but, when they came and told him she was dead, his heart and will, and even his brain itself gave way. He was frantic for a time, seeming to lose even the sense of his own identity, and all New Salem said: 'Abe Lincoln's insane!' He piteously moaned and raved:

" 'I never can be reconciled to have the snow, rain and storms beat upon her grave.' "

Too much has been made, by several of Lincoln's biographers, of his so-called love affair with Mary Owens. Years after Miss Rutledge's death Miss Owens came to visit her married sister in New Salem. The sister announced her intention of making a match between Mary and Abe Lincoln. That of itself was enough to prevent their caring much for each other. Lawyer Lincoln called on Miss Owens,

and wrote several letters to her after his removal to Springfield, apparently considering himself under a sort of obligation to marry the girl on account of all her sister had said.

But Miss Mary Owens was a young lady of spirit, as well as good looking and intelligent, and she promptly cut the Gordian knot by refusing her reluctant suitor outright.

When Lawyer Lincoln went to Springfield to practise law, he had been a member of the State Legislature at Vandalia, and had been the leader of a group of tall men, known as "the Long Nine," who brought about the removal of the State capital to Springfield. But the young lawyer from New Salem was poor. At first he slept in the loft above the store of a young Kentuckian named Joshua Speed until he was able to occupy better quarters. About this

time Speed hired, for "sweeper-out" and clerk, a lad they called "Billy" Herndon, who soon developed aspirations of his own.

"Give the boys a chance" was a motto of Lawyer Lincoln's. He started in to help "Billy" become a lawyer, as Major Stuart had helped *him.*

After he went into partnership with Major Stuart, Mr. Lincoln kept on helping Billy in his law studies. While he was Judge Logan's partner Lincoln learned to be a better lawyer himself, and he used all his knowledge for the benefit of Billy Herndon. When the law partnership of Logan and Lincoln was dissolved, Mr. Lincoln, against the advice of his friends, took Billy into the firm and hung out a "shingle" with

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in bright, fresh letters which remained, though tarnished, after the senior partner had gone to Washington to be President of the United States. Billy, with all his foster-partner's help, could not bear anything like half the burden of the business. He could stay in the office, make engagements, entertain waiting clients, and try easy cases in the senior partner's absence. He did not even sweep or dust the office as he had done in Speed's store. But all this made no difference to Mr. Lincoln.

Billy had little occasion to keep books, for when the chief collected a fee he would come in, seat himself at the rickety little office table and say, "Come, sit down, Billy, let's divide."

Then he would proceed to count out what he was pleased to call "Herndon's half," and push it across to Billy's side of the table.

The largest fee Mr. Lincoln ever received was five thousand dollars from a great railroad lawsuit, and Herndon records in his "Life of Lincoln": "He gave me my half as coolly as he would have given a few cents for a paper."

Among those who had been kind to Abe Lincoln in the early New Salem days was Jack Armstrong, the Clary's Grove bully the new clerk had to fight to a finish to establish his reputation as a young man of parts in that rough community. Armstrong and his wife, Hannah, became staunch friends and admirers of "Honest Abe." When Abraham Lincoln was out of employment he often visited the Armstrongs. After he became famous it was Mrs. Armstrong's boast that—

"Abe would come out to our house, drink milk, eat mush, corn-bread and butter, bring the children candy, and

rock the cradle while I got him something to eat.

"I foxed his pants, and made his shirts. . . . He would nurse babies, and do anything to accommodate anybody. Lincoln has stayed at our house two or three weeks at a time."

When the baby Lincoln had rocked grew up, he got into sore trouble. He was accused of murder. When Lawyer Lincoln learned of this he wrote to Hannah, the boy's mother—for Jack Armstrong was now dead, the following letter:

"Springfield, Ill., Sept., 1857.

"Dear Mrs. Armstrong:

"I have just heard of your deep affliction and the arrest of your son for murder.

"I can hardly believe that he can be capable of the crime alleged against him.

"It does not seem possible. I am

anxious that he should be given a fair trial, at any rate; and gratitude for your long-continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously in his behalf.

"It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I received at your hand, and that of your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me a shelter, without money and without price."

The Armstrong trial became a celebrated case. Mr. Lincoln drew out the chief accusing witness, who testified that he saw "Duff" Armstrong strike the fatal blow by moonlight—then proved by the almanac that the moon was not shining at that hour.

Armstrong was acquitted. It was a labor of love for Lawyer Lincoln. The young man and his widowed

mother sobbed in each other's arms, then turned to thank their tall benefactor. "Duff" Armstrong pushed through the crowd and grasped his deliverer's hand, but he could not speak. "Tears of gratitude filled the young man's eyes, expressing far more than he could have done by words."

"The course of true love never did run smooth" with Abraham Lincoln. While he was in partnership with Major Stuart, his partner's cousin, Mary Todd, came from Louisville, Kentucky, to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Evans, in Springfield.

Of course, the rising young attorney soon met the Kentucky belle. Miss Todd was bright, witty and accomplished. She was at home in good society and seemed to possess everything Mr. Lincoln so sadly lacked. From their first meeting he became her ardent

admirer. He found her brilliant, vivacious and ambitious. She had boasted to her girl friends that she meant some day to be mistress of the White House.

There was apparent rivalry between the "Little Giant" of the West, Stephen A. Douglas, and Abraham Lincoln. These two men were opposites in build, temperament, education and character, and became life-long competitors. No doubt it was Lincoln's heart and sincerity that finally won the favor of Mary Todd. They were reported to be engaged. They had an understanding at least. But he was morbid, and often melancholy, and she was high-strung. Their "understanding" soon became a grievous misunderstanding.

Lincoln grew more and more melancholy, and his bosom friend invited him to Kentucky, where Speed was then living, happily married. There the sad

swain recovered, to a degree, his mental balance. Returning to Springfield he threw himself into politics. He published a humorous letter, in the county paper, against the State Auditor, James Shields, a vain, pompous little Irishman, and signed it "Rebecca of the Lost Townships."

This was followed by another "Rebecca" letter, not written by Lincoln, but by Miss Todd and a girl friend. The points in it were sharp, not political as Lincoln's had been, but personal and therefore offensive. Shields called on the editor in a rage and demanded the name of the writer.

Lincoln told the editor to give his name only, thus making himself responsible for both letters. Shields challenged him to a duel. Lincoln accepted, choosing ridiculous weapons, and imposing absurd conditions which revealed the fact that, though Shields

would have done his best to kill Lincoln, he was unwilling even to hurt Shields. When they came face to face, explanations were possible, and the foolish duel was averted.

Miss Todd's heart must have softened toward the tall knight who had stood ready to risk his life for her sake, for they were married early in the November following the summer of the "Rebecca" letters.

The story, however, that Lincoln failed to appear at his own wedding, after Miss Todd's family had prepared the marriage supper and Mary had donned her bridal attire, is not true. This story first appeared in Herndon's "Life of Lincoln" and has been repeated till it is believed by millions of people, in spite of the fact that it has been denied and disproved a hundred times by intimate friends of the families concerned.

Mrs. Lincoln joined her husband's friends in opposing his undue consideration for William Herndon. But this was useless. Mr. Lincoln would brook no interference with "Billy," who did not seem to appreciate the kindness of his chief. He did not even keep the office in decent order.

Aside from his failure to do what he could not, and his disposition not to do what he could, Billy took to drinking. This gave his fatherly partner the keenest anxiety, for Lincoln was a temperance man. He was more anxious for Billy's sake than for his own, detrimental as were the junior partner's habits to their business.

His wife's ambition and tact led Mr. Lincoln to run for Congress, and he was elected over the Rev. Peter Cartwright, the famous backwoods preacher. While he was away at the national capital Herndon got into

petty complications, and well-nigh ruined their business by drinking and negligence. Not content with that, he wrote complaining letters to the senior partner in Washington. Congressman Lincoln wrote long and patient replies to "poor Billy," describing all that was going on around him and treating the young man at home as if he were the sufferer instead of the offender. He humored Billy thus, still hoping for better things.

After returning to Springfield—he declined to run for Congress again because of other men who needed and deserved the honor!—he found matters going from bad to worse. Instead of taking up the work where he had left off, he had to revive it. Billy, besides receiving half the earnings of the business, was a drain upon it, for Mr. Lincoln had to bail him out and pay dam-

ages in saloons where Herndon and his rowdy associates had broken mirrors and furniture during their nightly carouses.

When Billy failed to show up at the office in the morning, Mr. Lincoln was in suspense until he learned what had become of him. Following his fears he had little difficulty in finding his erring partner. These experiences recurred with sickening regularity.

An acquaintance heard Mr. Lincoln say to himself one morning, as he sprang up the courthouse steps two at a time, "I *can't* let Billy go to jail!"

Of course, Herndon would cry and promise to amend, and his soft-hearted partner would grasp both the young man's hands in his and, choking back a sob, his deep gray eyes filling with tears, he would say:

"*I* believe in you, Billy. I'm sure you'll do better now. Let this be a les-

son to you—a warning! Brace up, my dear boy, and we'll beat yet."

But Abraham Lincoln's great, yearning heart was hoping against hope.

Mrs. Lincoln's devotion, thrift and ambition must have done much to inspire and advance her husband in his wonderful career. She once said of him:

"Mr. Lincoln was the kindest man and the most loving husband in the world."

Whenever anything occurred that would gratify her ambition, his first thought was of "little Mary." When he received the telegram announcing his nomination for the presidency of the United States, he exclaimed, as he pulled himself out of a crowd of congratulating fellow-citizens:

"There's a little woman down on Eighth street who will be glad to hear

the news—you must excuse me while I tell her."

The night of November 6, 1860, when Mr. Lincoln learned, about midnight, that he was elected President, he hurried home and burst into the room in which his wife lay asleep, exclaiming:

"Mary! *Mary!* Mary! WE'RE ELECTED!"

Soon after this an old woman, whom Mr. Lincoln knew as "Aunt Sally," came from New Salem to say good-by to "Honest Abe," before he "went to Washington to be the President." The President-elect was standing in the spacious room placed at his disposal in the State Capitol, talking with two men of national renown, when the old woman came in, shy and embarrassed. He saw his old friend at once and hurried across the room to meet her. Tak-

ing both her hands in his, he led her to the seat of honor. Presenting his distinguished visitors to her, he tried tenderly to reassure her and put her at ease by saying, as reported by Miss Tarbell:

"Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can bake the best flapjacks you ever tasted for she has baked them for me many a time."

After quite a long stay Aunt Sally pulled out from her basket a huge pair of coarse yarn socks she had knit for Mr. Lincoln. Taking the stockings by the toes, he held one down each side of his gigantic boots, exclaiming:

"She's got my latitude and longitude about right, hasn't she?"

Then, in simple words, he expressed his thanks to the good old woman for her thoughtful kindness, promised to wear those very socks in the White House, and to think of her as he did so.

Great joker as Mr. Lincoln was,

with his dominant sense of humor, he was incapable of winking behind the back of any person who had been kind to him. He never said or did things for mere politeness' sake. He had none of the *veneer* of society, but possessed the solid *heart of oak*.

"GREAT-HEART" IN THE WHITE HOUSE

On that memorable Monday, February 11th, 1861, President-elect Lincoln took his leave of Springfield, at the railroad station, with the following brief utterance—according to the stenographic report of a newspaper correspondent, who was himself an avowed infidel:

"My Friends:—No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To these people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you here again. A duty de-

volves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any man since the days of Washington. He would never have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

At Indianapolis, on their roundabout route to Washington, Robert Lincoln, then a youth of seventeen, lost the traveling bag which contained his father's Inaugural Address. The Honorable Robert Todd Lincoln, during the centennial celebration of his father's birth,

made the following correction of this popular but mistakenly told story:

"In the first place, it did not happen at Harrisburg, as is generally reported, but at Indianapolis. When we entered the old Bates House there I set my valise down with those of the others of our party, in the hotel office, and they were all, mine among the rest, carried away and put in a small room back of the clerk's desk. I soon missed the bag and was greatly alarmed because Father had confided to me its precious contents, the only copy of his Inaugural, which he had written before leaving Springfield.

"I went at once and reported the loss to him and, together, we had a search made. The missing valise was soon found. There is no truth whatever in the story that Father opened another 'gripsack' just like his, and found 'a flask of whiskey, a pack of cards and a

soiled paper collar!' Nor did he take out the Inaugural, put it in his pocket, and tell a cheap, ill-fitting story, as one biographer, whose data were furnished him by Herndon, states with great elaboration.

"This is what actually happened: He handed me the bag, and said gently, 'There, Bob, see if you can't take care of it now.' That was more like him. He believed in giving his own boys, as well as others, a chance. He showed that he trusted me with his most valued possession, and you may depend on it I was faithful to that trust!"

Abraham Lincoln went to Washington with an aching heart. He lived every day as if it were his last on earth. He had much before him which he hoped to be able to do. He found chaos everywhere—a panic of statecraft in the North, an epidemic of anarchy in

the South. The leading minds of the country seemed to have gone daft. They advocated the most foolhardy schemes. Seward, his greatest rival, now his Secretary of State, actually proposed that President Lincoln should keep his hands off the helm and let him, Seward, steer the Ship of State! Seward and Chase, and later, McClellan and Stanton, each felt that he, himself, alone, was divinely appointed to save the Union.

They did not believe in their chief. The party that had elected Lincoln looked on with misgivings. They felt that the people, after all, had been carried away by their boundless enthusiasm, so that the "Rail-Splitter" had been washed up into the White House by a tidal wave of popular frenzy, and left there high and dry like a stranded sea monster out of his natural element.

When President Lincoln's subordi-

nates insulted him by patronizing him,

"He knew to bide his time."

He replied to Secretary Seward with the masterful tenderness he had shown to his stepbrother ten years earlier, when John proposed a scheme about as foolish and visionary as the Secretary of State's plan for getting up a war with England!

Mr. Lincoln had practised ruling his own spirit and forgiving in advance; in his dealings with his father, he had learned many lessons in self-repression, self-denial and self-sacrifice, while smarting under his sense of the injustice done him when he was called lazy and a shirk, as he lay beside his wooden shovel, trying to study by the flickering firelight—preparing himself, heart and soul, for these very crises in his life.

There was something more than

human in Abraham Lincoln's charity. No mortal man was ever more possessed of the love that "suffereth long and is kind;—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

People understood him the more slowly because of his many stories, which were so unexpected and strange that those who heard them failed to comprehend their deep import. When self-appointed delegations came to protest against this or to urge that, the kindness of his heart always rescued the situation with a story.

And those stories! The sympathy in them was exquisite. Instead of hiding a sting they were full of balm and the oil of gladness for the smarts and wounds of his listeners. Men sometimes scoffed because Lincoln laughed while relating them. But he did not

laugh *at* his stories so much as *with* his hearers, from the pure joy of giving pleasure. If ever there was "a face illumined" by the glowing heart behind it, it was Abraham Lincoln's. That is why a woman left him one day, exclaiming:

"They say 'Mr. Lincoln's an ugly man.' It's a wicked lie—I think he has the loveliest face I ever saw!"

It may have been "homely," but Mr. Lincoln's face was never "ugly." It often shone "like the face of an angel," for his fervent sympathy made him like an angel of light to many a breaking heart.

It was his heart that prompted the Emancipation Proclamation long before it was promulgated—but his head held it back until the fullness of the time was come. Then he announced it with fear and trembling, but afterwards his heart rejoiced.

The Gettysburg Address is warm with the rare love of Lincoln's life. There is a new story, which illustrates his ever ready sympathy—of a shy old Quakeress who fainted in front of the speaker's stand shortly before he rose to deliver that immortal address. He saw the crowd pressing tighter around her, so he came at once to the rescue.

"Here," he commanded, "hand that lady up to me." Tenderly placing the unconscious woman in the rocking-chair reserved for himself, he half-knelt beside her, so when she began to revive, she found herself being fanned anxiously by the President of the United States—in the face and eyes of about fifteen thousand people! This was too much for the shrinking old lady in plain garb.

"I—feel—better now," she protested feebly. "I want—to—to go—back there," pointing to where her hus-

band stood looking up at her in wondering solicitude.

"O, no, indeed!" laughed Mr. Lincoln kindly. "You're all right up here. It was all we could do to pull you up out of that crowd, and we could never stick you down into it again!"

Thus reassured the simple old lady forgot the thirty thousand eyes while she listened, sitting among the most illustrious men of her day, to a short, simple speech—but one of the sublimest addresses ever delivered.

A young theological student, named Henry E. Jacobs, had worked his way up close to the speaker's platform during Edward Everett's two-hour oration. He has recently described Mr. Lincoln's manner in delivering his brief address on this great occasion.

"I watched the President closely," said the Rev. Dr. Jacobs, fifty years

afterward. "When he saw that Mr. Everett's long oration was drawing to a close, he took from an inside pocket two or three small leaves of paper and began to read them with his eye-glasses perched near the end of his nose, glancing furtively over them to right and left, like a schoolboy about to be called on to recite a poorly prepared lesson. But he gave the closest attention to the final words of the orator of the day, and, becoming absorbed, he absently crammed his mussed-up manuscript back into the capacious pocket.

"During the singing of a dirge, written by a Gettysburg man, President Lincoln drew forth the few pieces of paper and conned them over till the time came for him to deliver it.

"Holding those few precious pages, now in one hand, now in the other, he looked at them casually—his glasses still astride the tip of his nose—as if

reading—until he came to the closing words, 'of the people, by the people, for the people,' he held the little sheets straight down before him in both hands and bowed as he pronounced the prepositions *'of,' 'by'* and *'for'*—to right, to left and to the front—then, straightening up to his full height, he spread out his long arms (the pages were then in his right hand) as he impressively uttered the final words, 'shall not—perish from—the earth.'

"It is absurd to say the President was not applauded on that occasion. He was interrupted several times, and roundly cheered at the close of his speech.

"Not a train left Gettysburg all day until the President's special went out that night. In the afternoon there were some services in the Presbyterian church. I don't remember who the

speaker was—but he was not a man of national renown.

"Yet President Lincoln insisted on going to hear him. He invited Secretary-of-State Seward to accompany him, then sent for old John Burns, the village cobbler, who had gone into the fight in his Sunday clothes and distinguished himself for bravery. He was afterward immortalized by Bret Harte as the hero of the ballad 'John Burns of Gettysburg.' The President invited the Gettysburg cobbler to go with him to the church and it was the proudest hour in John Burns's life when he marched through the streets of the town with the President of the United States on one arm and the Secretary of State on the other.

"In this simple act Mr. Lincoln meant to honor every hero in the town, for there were other men of Gettysburg who had risked and given their lives for

their country in that three days' conflict—the greatest battle in the heroic history of the world."

As to the speech itself, it seems strange now that of all men, Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, who was not even present at Gettysburg on that occasion, should have been among the first to appreciate the simple grandeur of the Gettysburg Address. Stanton—rude, sneering, caustic, contemptuous Stanton—who had taken almost devilish delight in insulting Lincoln when they first met, eight years earlier, in the great McCormick Reaper case—Stanton, who had called Mr. Lincoln a gorilla, an imbecile and a fool—with many a profane expletive—up to the very day the President made him war secretary! Mind alone could never have conquered the obdurate soul of Secretary Stanton. It was Lincoln's heart that wrought

this greatest miracle of his life.

In spite of Stanton's atrocious treatment of him, President Lincoln recognized the sterling worth and patriotism of his motives so he said he was glad to bear Stanton's snarling ways for the good the Secretary could do the nation. People at home and abroad freely criticized Mr. Lincoln for allowing his Secretary of War to oppose and stultify him in so many ways, often doing and saying trivial, annoying things. But, little by little, as a trainer breaks a fractious horse, Lincoln tightened his rein, until one day, with the utmost kindness, yet with adamantine firmness, the President said:

"Mr. Secretary, it will *have* to be done."

And it was done.

A colored seamstress in the White House tells a sad story of Lincoln's love for his children. Willie, the second living son, had taken a severe cold, but the doctor said there was no danger, and advised Mrs. Lincoln to go on and give a grand reception for which thousands of invitations had been issued. While this function was in progress in the East Room it was found that Willie was very ill indeed.

"During the evening Mrs. Lincoln came upstairs several times and stood by the bedside of the suffering boy. She loved him with a mother's heart, and her anxiety was great. The night passed slowly, morning came, and Willie was worse. He lingered a few

days and died. God called the beautiful spirit home, and the house of joy was turned into a house of mourning.

"I was worn out with watching, and was not in the room when Willie died, but I was immediately sent for. I assisted in washing and dressing him, and then laid him on the bed, when Mr. Lincoln came in. I never saw a man so bowed down with grief. He came to the bed, lifted the cover from the face of the child, gazed at it long and earnestly, murmuring:

" 'My poor boy! He was too good for this earth. God has called him home. I know he is much better off in Heaven, but then we loved him so! It is hard—hard—to have him die!'

"Great sobs choked his utterance. He buried his head in his hands, and his tall form was convulsed with emotion. I stood at the foot of the bed, my eyes full of tears, looking at the man in si-

lent, awe-stricken wonder. His grief unnerved him, and made him like a weak, passive child. I did not dream that his rugged nature could be so moved; I shall never forget those solemn moments. There is a grandeur as well as a simplicity about the picture that will never fade.

"Mrs. Lincoln was inconsolable. In one of her paroxysms of grief the President kindly bent over his wife, took her by the arm and gently led her to a window. With a stately gesture he pointed to the lunatic asylum, as he said:

" 'Mother, do you see that large white building on the hill yonder? Try to control your grief or it will drive you mad, and we may have to send you there.' "

This anxious warning was no misapprehension. Mary Todd's girlish ambition to be mistress of the White House

had been fulfilled—but with how many sorrows! The President's mansion was a house of mourning nearly all the time the Lincolns lived in it, until the terrible tragedy that drove them out of it. Mrs. Lincoln never again went into the room in which Willie died, nor would she enter the Blue Room after his funeral was held there.

Although the Lincolns had lost their baby boy, Eddie, years before leaving Springfield, the death of Willie almost unhinged the reason of the fond mother, and weighed down the father's life with a sadness he never could shake off. An attendant in the White House saw the President walking up and down the spacious chamber, and heard him saying to himself:

"This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? *Why is it?*"

A caller, wishing to comfort the heart-broken President, told him that

good people all over the land were praying for him. He replied gratefully:

"I am glad to hear that. I want them to pray for me. I need their prayers."

The chastening effect of this great grief was manifest in many ways. He told an intimate friend that this bereavement had brought him closer to the Father than any previous experience. When he, as President-elect, said good-by to his Springfield neighbors, he referred to "Divine Providence" in the abstract. But as the cares and responsibilities of the nation weighed him down, the divine Being came to present Himself as a concrete personality. His accountability to God, as well as to the people, made him take a common-sense view of his own weakness and need of help. He said to Noah Brooks, a Western newspaper

correspondent who often called at the White House:

"I should be the veriest shallow and self-conceited blockhead upon the footstool if, in the discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from One who is stronger and wiser than all others."

He remarked to a distinguished minister from New York, not long after the beginning of the war:

"If it were not for my firm belief in an overruling Providence it would be difficult for me, in the midst of such complications of affairs, to keep my reason on its seat. But I am confident that the Almighty has His plans and will work them out: and so, whether we see it or not, they will be the wisest and best for us."

Different members of the President's

life-guard have told of finding him dressed and reading the Bible before the rest of the family were up in the morning; and of seeing him on his knees in an agony of prayer long after the others had retired for the night.

While friends were urging him to emancipate the slaves, President Lincoln prayed a good deal. This attitude of mind, referred to by members of the Cabinet, is revealed in the closing words of the Emancipation Proclamation:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

He issued this proclamation when he felt sure that it could be delayed no longer. "Public sentiment would sustain it—many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—and he

had *promised God* that he would do it."

Before this he had talked much with some of his advisers of his belief that God would perform the impossible. Yet delegations of ministers came to coach the President concerning the will of God, as though there were no direct way for him to find out the divine plan. One day, when he had the Emancipation Proclamation all ready, and in his pocket waiting for the right juncture of the war and affairs of State before announcing it, a clergyman called and asserted, with solemn unction, that he had received a special revelation that the right psychological moment for freeing the slaves had arrived, and that he had come from Chicago to bring the divine message.

"Well, now, ain't that strange?" said the President, with a smile the minister did not then understand. "Here I am, studying that very question day and

night, for weeks and months—and I am the one to act in this important matter, too—so ain't it rather odd that the only channel the Divine Master can send this message by is the roundabout route by way of that awful, wicked city of Chicago?"

The pious reflections and exhortations of ministers and others who assumed to have a monopoly of heavenly wisdom, tried even Abraham Lincoln's long-suffering patience. Once, "in the burden and heat of the day," a clergyman said, with unctuous solemnity, "I *hope* the Lord is on our side."

Mr. Lincoln promptly answered:

"I am not at all concerned about that—but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that *I* and *this nation* shall be *on the Lord's side!*"

More than a year after Willie's

death the President remarked to a visitor:

"I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result with a declaration of freedom to the slaves."

It was natural to a man whose religion was a matter of experimental common sense to find a crisis in his religious life in the great crisis of the life of the whole nation. After the battle of Gettysburg the President went to call on General Sickles, who had lost a leg in an engagement there. Mr. Lincoln related to the wounded general his religious experience in connection with the great battle:

"I had no fears for Gettysburg, and if you really want to know I will tell you why. In the stress and pinch of the campaign there, I went to my room

and got down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him that this is His country and the war is His war, but that we really couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville.

"And then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker that if He would stand by the boys at Gettysburg I would stand by Him. And *He did,* and *I will!*

"After this, I don't know how it was, and it is not for me to explain, but somehow or other, a sweet comfort crept into my soul, that God Almighty had taken the whole thing into His own hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg."

In the last year of his life a minister from Illinois asked President Lincoln if he was a Christian! Instead of resenting this impertinence, as many a

man in his position would have done—especially a man who, in his letters, speeches, conversation and daily life had given unmistakable evidences of his devotion—Mr. Lincoln replied as simply as a child:

"When I left Springfield I asked the people to pray for me: I was not a Christian. When I buried my son—the severest trial of my life—I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ."

HIS LOVE FOR LITTLE TAD

Mr. Lincoln seldom spoke of Willie. Robert was away at Harvard. When he came home from college he went right to the front as one of General Grant's aides. Thus only Thomas, nicknamed "Tad, the pet of the nation," was left at home. The boy was passionately affectionate—his father's inseparable companion. A word from the father would make the boy laugh gleefully, or melt him to tears. He did not seem to wish for any other playmate. One of the President's lifeguard has recorded that the only times Mr. Lincoln ever seemed happy were while they were romping through the stately rooms of the Executive Mansion together, whooping like wild In-

dians, playing horse, carrying the boy "pickaback," or holding him high on his shoulders, where he had been in the habit of carrying both boys when Willie was playing too. The loss of the older boy seemed to intensify the father's devotion to little Tad.

At such times the boy's small cup of joy was brimful, and he expressed it by chuckling and shouting:

"Papa-day! O Papa-day!"

The little fellow had an impediment in his speech, due to a slight cleft in his palate, so that strangers could not readily understand him. But his father understood his afflicted boy—every word! No matter who was with the President, or what grave matters might be discussed by Seward, Stanton or Sumner—if little Tad spoke, his father was all attention, bending fondly down to the boy, for the time oblivious

of all else. Senators and secretaries were sometimes annoyed by Tad's interruptions, but their very impatience seemed to intensify Mr. Lincoln's yearning over his lonely, afflicted son with a passion of tenderness which was much more than mere doting indulgence.

During the long, grave Cabinet meetings Tad played about, falling asleep on the floor or climbing into his father's lap and taking a nap there. He accompanied the President to Fortress Monroe, and, clinging to his father's hand, they stalked and trotted through the streets of fallen Richmond together.

While the President was making his last, happy speech from the northern portico of the White House, in response to a serenade congratulating him because the war was over, little Tad

stood by, grabbing the leaves of his father's manuscript as he dropped them for the boy to catch. When they floated down too slowly to suit him, Tad tugged the tails of the President's long black coat and demanded in a shrill, piping voice:

"Give me 'nother paper, Papa-day!"

It was at the close of this carefully written address, beginning, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart," that the President, as he was about to retire within the mansion, called out to the serenading "Northern" band to play "Dixie," joyously adding, "We have a right to 'Dixie' now!"

This expression of his heart-love for the South, in spite of all the bitterness fostered against him in the rebelling States, was Lincoln's last public utterance.

When he went into the house Mrs. Lincoln called his attention to the fact

that he might easily have been shot while speaking, and begged him not to expose himself so recklessly again.

According to a trusted servant in the White House, President Lincoln, during the last week of his life, spoke in the highest praise of General Robert E. Lee. Robert Lincoln had just returned from Virginia with General Grant, and showed a photograph he had of the Confederate commander to his father. The President gazed earnestly at the picture and remarked to his son:

"It is the face of a noble, brave man."

Before the sad death of "Stonewall" Jackson, he had been heard to say of the Southern general:

"He is a brave, Presbyterian soldier. If we, in the North, had more such generals, this war would not drag along so."

Lincoln, a Southerner himself, and married to a Southern lady, had great tenderness for the South. There was a compartment in his private cabinet crammed with threats of assassination. To these he never referred except to say there was no use of taking precautions or "gettin' skeert," as he pronounced it.

"If they want to kill me," he said with a smile, "they'll do it somehow."

He lived his life "with a heart for any fate," in the spirit of the Man who breathed out His love for all mankind on the first Good Friday, long ago, saying:

"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Good Friday, 1865, fell on the fourteenth of April. They had the regular Cabinet meeting—Lincoln's last. At its close they congratulated the President on his improved appear-

ance already, for his face had grown more and more ghastly and drawn and anxious all through the terrible days and nights of the war. To Stanton he looked no longer like a gorilla or an imbecile, for the war secretary remarked that day to the Attorney General, "Didn't our chief look *grand* to-day!"

That very night the conquering hero became, in fact, what he had long been at heart—a martyr. The next morning, at twenty-two minutes after seven, when the heart of Lincoln ceased to beat, it was Stanton—heart-conquered, loyal, devoted, loving, heart-broken Stanton—who closed the dying eyes of his tender-hearted chief; then he turned away, his whole frame shaking with suppressed emotion as he whispered tenderly:

"*Now* he belongs to the *ages!*"

THE HEARTBROKEN PEOPLE

The world stood aghast, and the American people were stricken with grief. Even the Southern leaders suddenly realized that the South had lost its best friend in the North. As for the Northern people, they met on Patriots' Day (April 19th) in their own places, in city and country, and

"Wept with the passion of an angry grief,"

while the simple funeral services were going on in the East Room of the White House. Twenty-five millions of men, women and children are estimated to have gathered all over the civilized world and sobbed out their sorrow over the death of the well-beloved President. Strong men, never known

to weep over their own troubles or private sorrows, broke down and cried like little children when they heard of the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

But Lincoln did not become a multi-millionaire in hearts at a single bound. The people mourned the man more than the President. It was by no accidental combination or sequence of events that the whole world wept by Lincoln's bier. He began by endearing himself to his own family, and a few backwoods relations and neighbors. Then New Salem learned to love him, as it never loved any one else. So of Springfield and the Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois.

When the supporters and henchmen of Seward, Chase and Cameron came to that Chicago Convention, in 1860, they utterly failed to comprehend Lincoln's strange popularity. In their

perplexity they did not grasp the fact that they were contending with the "principalities and powers" of Abraham Lincoln's tender and all-inclusive heart.

They laughed at the very idea of a "rail-splitter president," and sneered at his "coarse, clumsy jokes." Then they tried to account for all they could not comprehend by calling him "a man of the people." This was true in a sense, but only in the highest sense. Lincoln was "the man with a heart"—and the people saw through and recognized him as the one "man after their own hearts."

Douglas, his life-long rival, knowing something of his popularity, remarked when he heard of Lincoln's nomination: "Every tar-barrel in Illinois will be burning to-night." This enthusiasm spread all over the North like a prairie fire.

On a tidal wave of heart responding to heart, Lincoln was carried

"From prairie cabin up to Capitol."

During the war, which quickly followed, a large part of the patriotism of the soldiers was their personal love for Abraham Lincoln. To them he seemed the living personification of their country, threatened and wronged. "Father Abraham" meant more to them even than "Uncle Sam," in those awful days.

When President Lincoln issued call after call for soldiers, and for more soldiers, and still more, men and boys seemed never to tire of responding:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more."

Americans are sometimes accused of a certain lack of patriotism because they fail to rise when "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, some-

times flippantly, in a musical medley. But the men and boys of '61, as well as those of '76, give the lie direct and eternal to all such false accusations. Patriotism, in the United States of America, is much more than a feeling which finds its expression and satisfaction in mere matters of sentiment and etiquette—it is the *religion of country.*

The "Boys in Blue" said among themselves, in exulting tones when they spoke of Lincoln, "He cares for us! he loves us!" and they cheerfully, and even humorously—to be like him—marched into the jaws of death for his dear sake. It was a far different love from that inspired in his generals and grenadiers by Napoleon, for their loyalty flagged and failed. They knew that Napoleon's ambition was for himself first, then for them, as a means of gaining it. It was Napoleon's want of

heart that made him a colossal failure, while Lincoln's self-giving soul crowned his life, though he was murdered, with success immortal. Almost from babyhood Lincoln was a burning and shining light emblazoning in letters of living fire his own illustrious words:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all."

. . . . . .

Where Tad had been the night of Lincoln's assassination no one knew, but Thomas Pendel, the faithful doorkeeper of the White House, relates that the boy came in very late at the basement door and clambered up the lower stairway, crying—"Tom Pen! Tom Pen! They've killed Papa-day! They've killed my Papa-day!"

They brought Mrs. Lincoln home in a state of collapse. The only wonder is that the horrible scene in which she

had participated did not rob her of reason altogether. During the gusts of grief to which she gave way in spite of herself, little Tad would look up at her in terror, and cry out:

"Don't cry so, Mamma, or you'll break my heart!"

Then the sorrow-stricken mother would crush the child in a passionate embrace, cover his upturned face with kisses and tears, and summon all the resolution she could for his sake. Standing between his mother and his small brother, poor Robert had need of all the manly tenderness of his nature —"so like his father's," they said.

The terrific strain was too great for the desolate little woman, widowed by the most hideous cruelty, and she lay utterly prostrated, unable to go on that winding journey from Washington to Springfield, and be present at the burial

of the bodies of her husband and Willie—unable for many weeks even to leave the White House to the new President, Andrew Johnson, and his large family.

Poor little Tad was lonely. He missed his father sadly. He would wander through the great, empty rooms as though he were looking for some one. Many times a day he was heard to murmur:

"O Papa-day! where's my Papa-day? I'm tired of playing by myself. I want to play 'together'—only a little while—just this once, please, Papa-day!"

His sense of loneliness invaded even his dreams. The ever-watchful doorkeeper, or one of the life-guard, would lie down beside the little fellow and try to soothe and comfort him through the long, troubled nights.

One minute he seemed, in his dreams, to be romping once more with his great,

tall playfellow, gurgling, chuckling and crying out:

"Papa-day! O Papa-day!"

Then the sense of his great loss penetrated his sleep, and he would sob out, "O Papa-day, where's my Papa-day?"

"Your papa's gone," said the lifeguard, hoarsely—"gone to Heaven."

Little Tad listened and his eyes opened wide. "Do you think Papa-day's happy there?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, yes, I'm sure of it, Taddie dear, your papa's happy now."

"O, I'm glad, *so* glad!" sighed the little boy—"for Papa-day never was happy here."

THE END